4

London Nov 24-1915

My dear Lord,

That you may not be startled by the shock of so rude an assault as accompanies this, I will tell you the history of it. I told you in my letter of yesterday that one kept you till day at my rooms, and that an "choice entrecôte d'ye see" were to be the ammunitions of "the sacrament of love." On the other side is an explanation of affection. Reynolds later in the evening repeated that we had not known temptation of writing a poem on the occasion in triplet; each person writing a line. I liked the thought, and my dear Lord, [illegible] at last (could I?) let it keep "like idle Lord". I thereupon immediately pencilled the paper, and wrote the first line. On [illegible] consult on our credit as poets, we should [illegible] agreed to finish out before we started it; but as we did it out of the [illegible] of our [illegible] affection for you, we send you it [illegible] as we scribbled it out originally. — If it afforded my [illegible] the pleasure and amusement for it gave us, I shall not grudge charging [illegible] with the postage. They were all written in [illegible] of laughing. But it has an added [illegible] to attempt the thought of the person who [illegible] anything like agreement or [illegible] with his own, and then to laugh and make what [illegible] were used to entertain the [illegible] doomed to sweeten his bread for a thought. Indeed for myself I was rather [illegible] inside with the former part of the day to that I had hardly a thought to throw away on my good Girl, as a [illegible] affection for me — [illegible] which you and [illegible] to any Reynolds whose

4

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